logazine P





To My Sweetheart

SOLDIER

Every Girl Should Read

These Wonderful

Letters.

Twenty-five dollars I earned to-

day in honest toll, and tomorrow it

shall go as a mite to swell the Red

Cross funds. But first I must tell you about it, as you are respon-

sible for the whole thing, and my

success as a wage-earner is due

wholly to you. I was loving you, dear, just loving you-a week ago

do and not worthy of comment in

that respect, but my thoughts just

naturally took to rhyming and be-

fore I knew it I had a little poem.

It all seemed to be so true about

zine would take it, maybe a loving

heart or two might see it and be

comforted at the wonderful things

the Alchemist of Love can do, and

so on a chance I sent it off. No one was ever more really sur-

prised in the world than I was

into my lap from the mail this morning. As the poem belongs to

you in spirit and understanding, I

write it here, knowing that you

will overlook its faults and hold close to your heart the love of her

The Alchemy of Love.

There's far more promise than we

The song og birds-so sweet and so

alluring-The cooing of the tender-mating

us,

they seem.

cold see it,

ever dream.

splendor.

land and sea.

ness follow

thought of me.

eternal beauty.

of science.

your soul.

roll.

The stars which shine in calm

And watch in silence as the ages

Have not alone the meaning born

They are to me the beacons of

And when some storm has cleft the

And hope seems gone and faith a

Through shimmering tears I catch

the rainbow promis-

The Alchemist of Love is never

The grave is but a swiftly swing-

Through which we pass to man-

Where tender hearts shall be at

God Himself is love.

sions built above,

ing portal

last united. And where-blest thought-our

The sweet unfailing sunshine of

sullen beaven,

thing apart,

your heart.

when twenty-five dollars dropped

we, that I thought if any maga-

which is no new thing for me to

My Own Beloved:

This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the famous Battle of Pavia in 1525, when Francis I. of France was taken prisoner by Charles V. and carried to Spain. The sprightly French ruler agreed to pay a huge ransom, but after he was freed he refused to abide by his word.

The Four of Hearts

A SERIAL OF LOVE AND YOUTH

Cynthia Walks Through the Snow to Keep Her Appointment with Milton's Father.

By Virginia Terhune Van+ expressed desire. But she met no de Water.

CHAPTER XXII.

Copyright, 1918, Star Company. IRING the next few days Cynthia Long was undergoing a period of readjustment of which her relatives suspected little. Heretofore she had gloried in her independence. Now she realized that she had gloried in that which did not exist, that, but for the small sums of money which would some to her of the next year er two-sums quite disproportionate to her needs as she saw themshe had nothing which she could eall her own. Moreover, her uncle had paid some of her father's debts. Stephen Livingstone might insist that this had been but a gift to the daughter. The daughter herself

tinual obligations to him. And the only way she could discharge these obligations would be by complying with his demands. These demands precluded her attempting to earn her own ffving.

felt that she would be under con-

She was glad that she could reply frankly when her uncle maked her. with elaborate carelessness, what arrangements she and Edward Van Saun had made about her reading. "Of course he suggested no re-

muneration?" he interrogated. "Of course not!" Cynthia replied quickly. "I would have been much wounded if he had done so."

"It would have been an insult to you, my dear, and to me as well," her uncle declared. "Edward Van Baun knows my views with regard to young women earning money for themselves when they have relatives who are able and willing to support them. That girls; aseart their own rights in this line so frequently is, to my mind, an evidence of the degeneracy of the times. I deplore it greatly. I do not see how a girl with proper feeling can so far forget her sphere."

"By her sphere you mean," began Cynthia.

Her uncle did not allow her to finish the sentence.

"I mean the Home," he explained sententiously. "That is where wo-man belonge in the home of her parents or guardians until she goes to the home provided for her by the man she marries. That is woman's

A Difficult Question.

Cynthia would not argue, but in ser soul she was wondering if anything could be more degrading to a woman than marrying a man for a home. Suppose she never fell in & dependent all the days of her

She did not put this question into words. It would do no good. Her only curse was to live by the day. do her duty as well as she ould as long as her money held out.

She shook her head and losed her lips firmly. She would not look shead. She was sure that she ould not carry out her uncle's idea of woman's destiny. She was fercing herself now to go into society a little more, as this was her relatives'

man whom she could bear to think of as a possible husband. None of them stirred her pulses.

It was all very well for a girl like Dora to be planning marriage, for she was engaged to a man whom she had known for years a ,man who was unlike other men-strong. sympathetic, all that he should be. What a friend he would make ig one could let one's self accept the friendship he was alwanys ready to offer her-if one dared-

She checked her musings abruptly. She had trained herself to do this during these pts few weeks when her thoughts turned toward Milton Van Saun. She told herself this washecause she did not care to have as a close friend another woman's husband And Milton would soon be Dora's husband. Was that the true reason?

The question thrust itself upon her mind as clearly as if some one had asked it of her in clear tones. It was a snowy afternoon and she was walking briskly towawrd Edward Van Saun's house, for this was one of the days on which she was to read aloud to the semi-invalid. He had telphoned to her that she must not risk facing the storm, but she had insisted going, pleading that she needed the exer-Dora was shopping with the downtown and had offered to send it back to take her cousin to Mr. Van Saun's, but Cynthis had said that she preferred walking.

A Kindly Greeting.

The wind was strong and blew in her face us she turned eastward from Fifth avenue. She bent her head and fought her way against it. It was an actual relief to struggle with something as tangible as this wind, instead of with the thoughts that assailed her.

Mr. Van Saun's house was but a few doors from the avenue, and when she had rung the bell and been admitted her host came from the library into the hall to great

"Dear child," he sympathised, "I am sure you are very wet and cold. Take off that coat and those rubbers and come in by my fire and get warm. This is no weather for a girl like you to be out. I blame myself for not forbidding you to come. But you see what a selfish old man I am. I would have sent my car for you, but it is laid up at the repair shop."

His tone, his manner, reminded her of her own father. Impulsively she turned to him and caught his hand in hers for an instant.

"Oh, I am so glad to come!" she exclaimed. 'It semes almost like

She stopped, shocked by her own temerity. When she and her host reached the library fire he spoke "I am glad you feel as if this

were like home," he said, "forstrange, isn't it?-I was thinking ore you came that I felt almost as if a little girl of my own was coming to me out of the storm. he laughed as if ashamed sentimentality. laughed, too; but it is doubtful if

either pair of eyes was quite clear (To Be Continued.)

Ready to Gown and Crown the Summer Girl The Wolves of New York

Fashion Waiting Only for the Warm Days, Suggests a Novel Knitting Bag.

TTERE is an unusual new and decidedly smart costume with a knitting bag and hat to match, made of rough straw and black satin, with appliqued flowers in brilliant colorings. Below is a theatre hat of black maline embroidered with black soutache. Curled ostrich in black wends its way around the crown, punctuated here and there by bunches of grapes in shades of green. To the right is an early Summer model of black lisere, with sharply turned back brim made of a double frill of finely pleated black taffets ribbon.



ADVICE TO THE

DEAR MISS PAIRFAX: I am a telephone girl, caring for a switchboard in a very large apartment house. I am consid-ered attractive, and though I try to appear reserved, the men in the house pay me a lot of atten-

Several of them have asked me to go out with them or meet them for lunch downtown. Do you think it proper for a girl in position to accept these invi-I am not referring to the invitations of married men though they are more frequent

than any other).
I would like to know your opinion, as I must confess I do not go out very much, and often feel inclined to take advantage of the many offers pressed upon SALLY.

T AM going to make a confession. my dear-my respect for mere "propriety" is not always overwhelming. To do what is right and sensible and dignified and selfrespecting seems to me a great deal more important than to worry over the fine points of etiquette. But there are certain "rules of the game" which everybody out to observe. One of them you instinctively follow-you would not consider accepting the invitations of those worldy and cynical married men who in our day and generation like to amuse themselves at the expense of any silly little girl who would "play up" to them. As to going out with the men you meet through your position, can you trust yourself to be so dignified and well-bred that even if they start out to have "a little lark" with the telephone girl, they will end up by recognizing that their guest has been a dignified, refined young woman who demands as much respect and dignity as ever they have given to the girls in their own social world If you are well poised, sane and high principled and, added to that, have a little judgment of human nature, possibly you can afford to have lunch with some of the young men in your building. Frankly, though, I don't believe the game is worth the sandle.

Plain English.

It was a dark night. A special onstable approached a cyclist.
"Bir." said he, "your beacon has ceased its function." "Bir." "Your illuminator, I say, is shrouded in unmitigated oblivion." "But really I don't quite"— "The effulgence of your radiator has evanesced." "My dear fellow, I"— "The transversal ether oscillations in your incan-descencer have been discontinued." Just then a boy shouted, "Hi, fais-ter, your lamp's out?" A SERIAL OF YOUTH AND LOVE

By Arthur B. Reeve Creater of the "Craig Kennedy" mystery stories, which appear exeluctvely in Cosmopolitan Magazine.

EPISODE 15.

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triumphantly from Scarley and In the concrete pillar flew open. Ramsay appeared recovered from

Ramsay drew his gun and leaped out of the pillar at the Hidden Hand so quickly that the latter had just time enough to strike up Ramsay's arm, holding the revolver. which discharged in the air. They grappled and Doris also ran to help Ramsay, while Scarley bung back,

come to him.
To the floor went Ramsay and back, and

Hand fought like a madman, bringing the gauntlet of death down Rameny's face and preparing glicot the poison gas.

sieps. The Secret Service men in Abenr's room, aroused by Ramsay's first shot, had come running to the cellar and were charging down the stairs. He jet go of Ramsay, almost unconscious, and fied through the window also.

and helped him upstairs, while Secret Service man dived at the Out in the grounds now, the Hidden Hand caught sight of Scarley jumping into a walting limousine. He tried to halt the limousine as it

passed, but it gathered speed. He leaped on the running board, with draws revolver. In desperation, Scarley flung open the door and brushed the Hidden Hand off into Picking oriminal ran, shooting, after the car. Scarley Is Hit.

In the car, Scarley uttered a quick cry and grasped his right shoulder.

dove. A bullet penetrated his lungs. The springing call of lark and "Ston!" he cried to the driver thrush and sparrow who looked in. "Take me to my All tell the joy of Universal love. office at onece I'm hit."

The sun which sets in royal purple The driver whicked away. Upstairs in the Whitney hall-way, Doris and the Secret Service And flings its parting torch o'er men were helping Ramsay along when there was a noise at the front door. They could see the shadow Proclaims aloft as night and darkof a woman. The Campfire of your constant

Recovered by this time Rames opened the door. There was the Countries Sopia, nervously working at her gloves. At sight of Ramsay she tried to get away, but he held the door.
"None of that," he cautioned,

taking her arm and closing the door. "Please go into the library. I have some questions for you." "You've told two stories." appealed Dorie, following. "Tell me

the truth now."
"I wish to see Abner Whitney," was all Sonta would say, plainly enger to get away.

Rameay and Doris exchanged glances. Then she did not know!

"Abner is dead," replied Rameay "And you must tell what you know or go to fail." Sonia was genuinely terrified, but recovered her composure. "Please," added Doria, "tell me

You know the secret weary; He blends his petions with unonla looked from one to the other. But it was Poris' plea, not erring hand. Ramsay's threats, which seemed to The oil of gladness springs from stony places, Yes," she said, at last, "I will And roses start up-smilingfrom the sand.

tell my story—what I know"
"Nearly eighteen years ago," began Countess Sonia, "in the Emperor's palace, the Mad Monk, Rascom, made a prophecy that on that day there was horn a girl baby who would become the most beautiful woman in the world, would cause the madness of the Emperor and the destruction of the empire. On that day there had actually been born a daughter to the Grand

Are you glad, my soldier, that I see you in everything about me? Good-night, beloved.

A STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY

The Wolves Arrange Loan for Guy to Further Dupe Him, and He Walks Into the Trap of a Usurer.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters Esther Vassell, a poor girl supporting an invalld alater, is induced by a strange woman to consent to being secretly married for a large sum of money. All she knows of her husband in name only is that he is a convict and his name is Passil.

knows of her husband in name only is that he is a convict and his name is Basil.

The coremony takes place in a ruined church in a dense wood. On her return she finds her sister and uncle both test, the latter leaving her sole helr to a large fortune. He disinherited his meetes on the following day and gives \$\forall ibourselow in the following day and gives \$\forall ibourselow in the sistent and is overtaken by his friend Tweedledee. He wanders out on the street and is overtaken by his fight in an autonoble and Tweedledee offers Our money to drive him where he is coing. Goy accepts, and through an accident finds that his cousin Esther is the other occupant of the carriage. He forces the man to take her back to where she lives and makes him give back all he lost to blen They next meet at a masquerade tall. Tweedledee is murdered in his box at the masquerade ball. Goy Hocking goes to tell his cousin Esther and confided to her the story of his life—that he is a married man. He mentions his wife's first name. "Lillian," and Esther discovers that the woman who was present at her mysterious marriage les Guy's wife. Hocking admits to Esther his secret mysterious marriage with Lillian, that he does not love her. He last hears of her in Monte Carlo until the night of the murder at Madison Garden Ball where he recognites her disguited as a num.

The following day: Esther goes to Helm Court, her new country home. She accepts an invitation to lunch at The Towers, the estate of her heighbor, Mrs. Berradale. She meets young Lord Borradale, and they conflict he history of their past, resolving always to be friends.

Guy returns to his old life, determined to be a wolf himself. His "friends" frame up a newspaper syndicate whereby Guy is to make \$200.000 "easy money." Guy leaves the chile to return the following at the following of the following at the past recognition is the following at the past recognition of the following at the past recognition and the following at the following at the following at the following at the fo

Read Right On in Today's Installment.

Part One—(Continued) Punctuality was no virtue of Guy Hocking's, an! it was with cons.dorable impatience that his two friends. Tweedledum and Monorief, awaited his arrival for half an hour beyond the time appointed. Their language in alluding to Guy was the reverse of complimentary. Suppose the idiot changes his It was Tweedledum who mind?"

expressed this apprehension, 'All Suckers Are Alike"-Moncrief. "He won't," said Moncrief. "Trust me for that. I know the type. Offer him money down and he'll take it without a thought of the consequences. Sign anything you like, too, without reading the docu-ment. They're all alike, and the ment. They're all alike, and the easiest to manage when they think

they're sharp."

Tweedledum laughed. "Funnlest thing on earth," he said, "that bern idlot fancing himself capable of de-ceiving a fly. I thought I had my whack out of him, and that there was no more to be made. It's quite pleasant to think that the acquaint ance is not going to cease yet. I'd better stand out of active partici-pation, though, for he's a bit shy of me since I cleared him out of his flat. But he has the fullest confidence in you, Moncrief-wonderful what you can do with that tongue

of yours!"
"I'm a judge of character," said the agent. "It's my business to be One can read Hocking like a

"Are you sure Goldsmith will lend?" Tweedledum changed the The Alchemy of Love is all around subject rather hurriedly. Moncrief was apt to grow reminiscent when his business aptitude was touched The things of life are not just as upon, and Tweedledum had no wish There's far more beauty if our eyes to listen to anecdotes. Goldsmith, the Loan Shark

"Yes, I've seen him, and it's fixed up. He'll lend \$100,000 or even \$200,000. Not all at once, though, for fear Mr. Hocking may be tempt-

ed to reform and live on the interest. Mark my words, that debt will run up by leaps and bounds, according to Mr. Goldsmith's ap-proved style, till poor Guy won't know himself. I should be sorry for him if he hadn't been so eage to let others in. He thinks he' He thinks he's catching a sucker.

"You're putting up Charley Epstone as the leader? 'Yes, he's Goldsmith's jackallmost talented nark. Hocking will think he's found the right sort

"As we fixed it up last night-yes. Lucky Morris had enlightened you upon his master's methods, and was there to give you the office. Otherwise I should have said there wasn't a money lender in New York who'd have lent a stiver to Guy Hocking." He smiled evilly, and Moncrief responded with his sardonic grin.

They Go to See the Usarer. At that moment Guy entered the room, strolling in leisurely, his hat on the back of his head, his hands plunged into the pockets of his

vercoat. "Am I late?" he asked. "I forgot the time you said. Moncrief, but I don't suppose it matters.'s

"It matters in this way," replied the agent, "I made an appointment with Epstone for 4 o'clock, and it's going on close to 5 new. He's not sltogether an easy fellow to get hold of, and if you miss your chance you may not get it again. We'd better be off at once." He rose and searched for his bat. He'll lend, will he?" asked Guy,

eagerly. "I think so, I've rubbed it in-

about the paper scheme, you know —and the rest of it. It appealed to him, especially the idea of paying for advertisements." Moncrief emiled toward Tweedledum, yes: I think he'll lend. N much as several hundred thousand perhaps, though I daresay he might even run to that in case of need, but hell let you have \$100,000 to

"Lord, he must be a sucker!"

cried Guy. "You do find 'em, Mon-crief. I'll give you credit for that. Why, I've got no security to offer-

"Didn't I tell you that Epstons doesn't know what to do with his money? I only did as you asked me, Hocking," added Monerief virtuously, "and arranged for you to meet one of the right sort. But we'd better to settling along and we'd better to getting along, and on the way we can discuss the sub-ject of the little commission, which, of course, you won't mind paying me for the introduction and upon the amount of money loaned you."
He drew Tweedledum aside and spoks to him in an undertone. "Goldsmith will charge him at the rate of 10 per cent per month," he whispered, "so the debt will be a heavy one when it's called in. We shall make a bit then, so we'd better not overdo it with Hocking now. What do you say to 10 per cent down on all he draws?" down on all he draws?"

down on all he dgaws?"

"He'll stand fifteen," said Tweedledium. "When he feels the money in his pocket he won't worry over a hundred or so. I shall have to take him on at poker in a day or two and hurry the business on."

"Right," replied Monerief. Then he turned to Guy. "Come along," he said, shortly.

Guy Suspicious of Tweedledum. "That fellow Tweedledum is not in this game, is he?" asked Guy, suspictously, as the two men passed into the street. "I know him too well to trust him-even at this. I won't have him in at all, see?"

"All right, boy," returned Mon-crief. "You needn't worry about Tweedledum. As you say, it's nothing to do with him. We'd better take a cab, I think, as we're late, though it's not far to Epstone's rooms." He hailed one as he spoke, and gave an address.

On the way Guy was eager for further details. "Tell me all about this deal," he chuckled, "You've seen the chap and know what he purposes to do. He quite understands, does he, that I've got no se-"Quite. He trusts, of course, to

the success of your proposed venture in the newspaper line, I laid it on thick about it, I can tell you. He will give you two years in which to make your success, and during that time you won't have to pay out a penny. After two years you must begin re-paying capital and accumulated in-

"And supposing I can't?" Moncrief shrugged his shoulders. Well, then, you won't be much worse off than you are now. A man who has no money can't pay, can he? Epstone might think it worth while to put you through the bankruptcy courf, but even that is hardly likely. He's taking his chance—but you'll have the money. And for two years you needn't give a thought to the payment of it."

"Lord Two Years and Money." "Two years!" Guy gave a long whistle of satisfaction. "What couldn't a fellow do in two years! I'll set Blake up in the business, and if there are a few thousands to spare I'll run over to Moute Carlo. Why, I might double my capital in a day or two. Lord, lord, what a time I'll have! He clapped Moncrief on the back. "And you, too, old fel-low," he added. "What's that little commission going to be you spoke about, eh?

"I thought of 15 per cent," said the agent modestly. "You shall have twenty," cried

Buy, enthusiastically. "Twenty dollars in every hundred when I'm getting thousands. I can stand that. And if funds give out, you shall work the trick and get some more. Jove, it's easy to get money when you know the right people." They were nearing the address

they had started for As they turn ed out of Broadway, Monerief ra-marked casually: "Of course, there will be papers to sign. Hockingmere formality, as you know. We must give Epstone every appearance of security. The agreement will be worked on the lines I've explained: 've seen to all that. I p or two clauses, too, to make things more reasonable; for instance, that u should insure your life-Oh, yes; I'll do that-that's fair enough." Guy was barely attend-

"And another thing. I suppose you know that by your father's will, if Miss Vassell dies unmarried, ou inherit the property-"

Guy Refuses To Involve Esther. 'Hold on!" cried Guy. want her name brought into this. It's my affair, and mine only; I wouldn't involve her for worlds." Moncrief laughed easily, "I under-

stand that," he said. "But this doesn't invoive your cousin. The clause is merely a charge upon your possible succession, and it looks well on paper. Epstone was im-pressed by it. Should you by any possibility inherit you must settle up your debt at once; but, as there's ot much chance of such a thing. u needn't bother about the clause The cab had stopped, and Monorlef sprang lightly out, paying no heed Guy's reiterated assertion that did not wish his cousin's name brought into the matter.

The "Brokers" Shop. They were shown upstairs to a

large, luxuriously furnished room, with no evidence of business about t hevond a handsome Chippendale desk that stood in a recess. It com-municated by closed and draped folding doors with a back room, which the sound of voices. could occasionally be heard,

(Continued Tomorrow) (Copyright by W. R. Hears

By David Cory. swan upon a large lake. PTER Puss Junior left Pan and "Oh, enow schite espan, take me the Dryads, as I told you in This water deep and wide, cannot swim, so ferry me

A the last story, he wandered on through the forest, and by-and-Safe to the other side," by, after a while, he saw a little flower, purple within and surrounded with white leaves. And as he stooped to pick it up

an eld man with a long, white beard passed by, and when he saw Puss he stopped and said, "That flower was once a beautiful boy; but that was long ago." And then the old men sighed and said. "Ah me" and from the distance came a voice, aft and low. "Ah me!" And then the old man looked

eadly at Puss and said, "Tis Echo, mourning for Narcissus." And then the old man told Puse how many years ago the nymph Eche had loved Narcissus, but that he had run away from her until, at last, she had died of grief and only her sweet voice remained to esho from the tall rocks that sheltered the woodland dell. And then the old man went upon his way and Puss walked through

he called out, "Hellos, hellos," and g voice replied, "Hellos, hellos," and he knew that Echo had heard him and had answered him in the only

the forest for a little ways and then

way she knew, Well, after that Puss continued

Puss in Boots Jr. his fourner until he saw a white

> eang little Puss Junior and I think it was very clever in him to make up this little song all by himself way out in Fairy Land, don't you? Well, in a few minutes the swan came up to the bank and Pues jumped on his back and pretty soon they were out in the middle of the lake. And then, all of a sudden, a voice came cut of the water. I the King of the Lake speaking

his throne below in the deep waters.

Who travels over my waters' "We must make haste," said the swan, "for the King of the Lake may send his regiment of sword-fish to attack us." And no sooner the swan spoken than Puss eaw many fish with great swords awimming rapidly toward them. Now I don't know what might have happened if the swan hadn't

made his paddle feet go so fast that before the army of fish with their great swords could harm little Pues Junior he was safe on shore. And you mustn't think that the swan 'didn't scramble up on the bank, because if he hadn't he would have lost one of his yellow paddle feet, and that would have been a shame after ferrying Pues across the wide waters. And in the next story you shall hear what happened

after that. Copyright, 1918, David Cory. (To Be Continued.)

The Hidden Hand

"The Girl of the Prophecy." HE Hidden Hand backed away

Doris, still holding the will. At that moment the secret door "Quick, Jack," cried Doris, as the blow which Scarley had given

waiting for any chance that might

the Hidden Hand. But Ramsay was already weakened by the blow he had received from Scarley. Doris tried to take the will away from the Hidden Hand as he and Ramsay wrestled. At last she saw her chance and selzed the document. But she scarcely had it when treacherous Scarley grabbed from her, flung her back, started off through the cellar win-

face and preparing to At that moment he heard feet-

Dorin bent over Rameay and lifted him, a bit dazed, to his feet,

Yes, yes." interrupted Ramsay.

"We know all that." To Be Continued Te-morrow,